

# MARRIAGE HAS MADE HER SO SLIM SHE CAN'T GET WORK, MOVIE STAR TELLS COURT IN PETITIONING FOR DIVORCE

## PRETTY PRISCILLA BONNER APPEALS TO LOS ANGELES JUDGE

She Accuses Her Husband of Paying Garnishee to Rival, Who Is Gladys Walton, to Avoid Judgment for Alimony—Allen Wynes Alexander, Screen Writer, Is the Defendant Accused in Divorce Proceedings.

WITH half the women of the civilized world seeking to become slim and the other half seeking to remain so—

Priscilla Bonner, the motion picture star, is demanding a divorce on the ground that she is slim and hasn't been able to get any fatter!

Nor is this any publicity propaganda to direct attention to the ethereal figure of the young actress.

On the contrary, Miss Bonner asserts that her paucity of avoirdupois, so to speak, is an absolute hardship, and that while this idea of wasting away to a shadow may be all right when it is a voluntary sacrifice of human anatomy, it's quite another matter when the sacrifice is compulsory after the fashion of Shylock and the pound of flesh!

Just a year ago Miss Bonner was leading woman with Tom Gallery in the motion picture "Wallingford's Son," and drawing an annual salary that far exceeded her weight in gold. She was then 105 pounds, chic, blonde and care-free.

As the Wallingford picture neared completion, flattering offers were made to her, and Priscilla bade fair to rise to first magnitude among the stars of film-land.

But then she met Allen Wynes Alexander, writer of short stories and scenarios, and forthwith, her dreams of a career were eclipsed by the desire to wed. Her heart became lighter than ever; she seemed to rise above sordid things like salaries and labor; her head, so to speak, was in the shell-hued clouds of romance, her feet were no longer on the ground.

### PRECIOUS POUNDS VANISH.

Whether Allen Wynes Alexander felt the same way is not disclosed by the records—but something of the same indifference to gravity appears to have pervaded him. Of that, as the poets say, more anon.

It was not until after they were married that Priscilla began to understand why she had felt so light of heart and light of head. The incontrovertible springless lever

The judicial precedents indicate that it is often embarrassing. So Priscilla explained, with her large, fawn-like eyes glittering—and not with glycerine, either: "I just can't get a job. Not a casting director will employ me. I'm too thin!"

### STARTLING STATISTICS.

Judge Summerfield was not to be blamed if he did polish his glasses once more and stare at the sveite young woman confronting him. And as he looked he seemed unable to quite understand, but Priscilla explained, pathetically:

"When I married I weighed 105 pounds. When my husband left me I dropped down to eighty-two pounds, and now—"

At that point Priscilla's husband stated cynically that she weighed ninety-eight, but the witness continued:

"I weigh only ninety-two now, not ninety-eight, and I don't know—what—to—do!"

Twenty-three pounds light at one

## FILM STARS CLASH



NAMED IN SUIT—Gladys Walton promised never to remarry when she was divorced recently, but she couldn't promise to keep her name out of court, wherefore Priscilla Bonner, fighting for alimony, declared Gladys was getting all her husband's cash.

**WEIGHED AND FOUND WANTING!**—Priscilla Bonner delayed her demand for alimony until her precious avoirdupois fell off so that no director would employ her for the screen. Then she sued her husband, naming Gladys Walton as the recipient of his money, and so a compromise was effected that resulted in the withdrawal of the suit.

period and even now only restored to within thirteen pounds of the original weight. And while the judge stared, Priscilla told more of her marital woes, with the assistance of her lawyer, William E. Lewis.

Judge Summerfield was told that in order to avoid paying alimony to the slim Priscilla, Husband Alexander has arranged that Gladys Walton, a rival star of screenland, rather heavier than his wife, shall draw his weekly pay check.

even deeper into the situation and asserted:

"Mr. Alexander meanwhile has been living at an expensive Hollywood hotel, giving lavish dinners wherein the favors are gold cigarette cases, and all the while he is planning subtly to beat his wife out of alimony."

### AIRPLANES AND ALCOHOL.

Again Alexander denied it, but Mr. Lewis, encouraged by the beaming eyes of his client, continued:

"And he has been consuming two cases of gin every week." Whereupon the husband took the stand and again denied it, but the lawyer persisted:

"What about that airplane—and those blooded horses—and those dozen cigarette cases you boasted you owned one night in Hollywood?"

Before the witness could respond his own counsel cut in with:

"Oh, that was the gin he had been drinking!"

At that Judge Summerfield, hearing the same magic word twice, hunched his chair closer and demanded:

"Say, just tell us all about this gin now!"

### PITFALL AND GIN.

Right there the case seemed to turn against the husband, and he protested:

"Honest, judge, I haven't got a drop. I only wish I had!"

Before the judge could comment, Lawyer Lewis, for Miss Bonner, called out:

"He's a liar by the clock!"

Judge Summerfield seemed somewhat dissatisfied with Mr. Alexander's explanation, even when his counsel said:

"Calm yourself, please. And, judge, if he had any gin I would be the first to know about it!"

Yet the suggestion of the subtle liquor pervaded the court, and the judge, indecisively, finally turned to Priscilla and said, comfortingly:

"Now, I'll continue this case a few weeks for consideration. But I can tell you that if I find your husband has money enough to buy gin, I'll see that he spends some of that money paying you alimony."

He did not refer to Miss Walton's alleged garnishee rights on Alexander's salary, but that, too, is understood to be under consideration—and investigation.

### CLUB FELLOWS ALL.

Not that Judge Summerfield does not know Miss Walton—on the contrary! Only three months ago she was before him seeking freedom from one Frank R. Lindell, and the judge granted her that freedom. They had been married only fourteen months, about the

same period that the Bonner-Alexander alliance endured.

Miss Walton charged cruelty, nonsupport and neglect, and she, too, appeared in person, casting her eyes, which have been described by admirers as "divine," about the prosaic courtroom.

Just before the gallant judge signed a decree for her he leaned over and, with the memory of one Rudolph Valentino's adventures still in his mind, he demanded:

"If I give you this divorce you won't get married again, will you?"

And with every feature registering horror, Miss Walton replied:

"I should say not!"

Whereupon the decree was signed. The reference to Mr. Alexander's airplane ambitions recalled that when he married Priscilla, just a fortnight after Gladys won her decree last year, he promised to take

a honeymoon trip to New York from film-land in a biplane. But something or other went wrong, and instead they stayed on the Western location.

And all that is worrying Priscilla's lawyer now is the fear that his little client will gain weight before the alimony award is adjudged!

But after two days' conference with lawyers, Priscilla found that she would not have to depend on the court's decision to retain her weight. With all the evidence in, and a favorable decision looming, the slender star astonished her friends with the announcement that she would withdraw the application for divorce. Rumor had it that Mr. Alexander had capitulated, and that his wife would no longer find it necessary to undergo enforced dieting.

## Queer Fish Climb Trees And Blow Themselves Up

THE angler, or fishing-frog, with its mouth almost as

wide as its body is long, is one of the very queerest of fishes. On its back it has a number of thread-like appendages which other fish think are the small organisms which form their own food.

Before they have discovered their mistake they have fallen a prey to the frog, which does not miss much, with such a capacious mouth. Its appetite, too, is enormous; for in the stomach of one as many as seventy-five herrings were found.

The sea-horse of Australia lives amongst seaweeds, being camouflaged by a floating fringe resembling the weeds, which enables it to lure its prey close enough to be captured.

Another instance of camouflage for the sake of obtaining food is that of a prawn and a small fish which live inside the mouth of a gigantic anemone. They are both white, with red lines, and these colors act as a snare to numerous small creatures which the anemone kills, and all three have a share in the spoils.

There is a curious family of fish to which the climbing perch of India belongs. They are constantly in and out of the water, and often travel overland. In the rainy season they pass from stream to stream, and from pool to pool. When the hot weather comes they bury themselves in mud, from which they emit a gurgling sound. If put in an aquarium

they will escape if they are not covered in.

The callichthys, found in the rivers of tropical America and the West Indies, cannot live for more than a quarter of an hour under water, and has to rise to the surface to breathe. It has been known to live for five days entirely out of water.

The periphalms, common on the shores of Indian and Australian seas, frequents roots of mangrove trees. When at rest it lies with its body out of the water, the tail only being immersed, and it goes ashore in search of food.

The blenny quite commonly leaves the water, apparently liking plenty of air to breathe.

In South African waters swims a fish something like a toad, and rejoicing in the name of billy-blow-up. This is derived from its practice of puffing itself out when caught. Another of its peculiarities is that of being poisonous.

Pilchards—to come back to our own fish—have a wonderful sense of smell, and can detect a favorite food, consisting of the spores of olive seaweed, fully twenty or thirty miles away, especially after spawning, when they are thin and ravenous.

It is a curious fact that, if food is abundant, the fish appear in shoals; but when it is not particularly plentiful, they do not arrive in such great numbers, as if some instinct told them just how far the supplies would go round.

## LOVES OF LANDRU

(Continued from Page 3.) assigned to him by her own signature—as security for a supposed debt—a fact which she had never noted in the deed she had signed!

That momentary remorse having passed, Landru became bright and amusing, relating to his visitor some humorous anecdotes, and eating his dinner with a relish. More and more fascinated became the young widow by her new friend's charming manner. He was assisting her out of a serious difficulty, and even if marriage did not result, she felt she had found a true friend. To her he revealed the artistic and poetic side of his nature, for as they sat there at that fatal repast he became romantic, and quoted verses from his favorite de Musset, and recited to her the greater part of de Vigny's poem "Dolorida," which commences:

"Et-ce la Volupte qui, pour ses doux mystères  
Purtive, a rallumé ces lampes solitaires"

She sat listening entranced at the even cadence of his soft, musical voice, all unconscious that the Hand of Death had already been laid upon her.

Presently the assassin rose, and, taking the two silver baskets containing the fruit from the buffet, placed them upon the table.

"May I offer you some grapes?" he asked, with that exquisite politeness which he so frequently assumed toward his victims, and she, finding the fruit so tempting, clipped off a small portion of the bunch.

"How beautiful they are!" she exclaimed admiringly, and next moment placed one in her mouth.

"Yes," he admitted. "But, personally, I never eat fruit. It does not agree with me," he added, with sinister meaning.

At that moment the old serving woman entered with coffee, but scarcely had she gone when there came a ring at the door, and the old woman announced that Mme. Juvanon had called.

In a second he recognized the name as that of a somewhat obscure actress, with red

hair, living at Courbevoie, with whom he had a few months before been in negotiation for the sale of some jewelry to old Lepic, the thieves' "fence," out at St. Denis. There was no harm in the two women meeting; therefore, he

ordered her to be shown in, and welcomed her warmly.

"Ah! my dear Madame," he cried, and next moment he introduced her to his visitor. "Come, sit down," he urged. "You want to see me on business—eh?"

Her reply was in the affirmative, whereupon the little widow suggested that she might retire into the adjoining salon.

"Not at all," Landru insisted. "Madame will take coffee with us. We can talk afterward."

## Flambeau Party Visits Oberammergau Passion Play

(Continued from First Page.) free the caged doves, which in a white flock fly away to the neighboring woods, as the stage is quite open to the out-of-doors. This scene gives the theme of the play, as the anger of the high priests and scribes is inflamed to the highest pitch, and they swear to take vengeance, which they proceed to do, the following scenes developing the plot.

We see Jesus at Bethany, with His disciples, Mary Magdalen and Martha, and Lazarus. He takes leave of His Mother, the Virgin Mary, and goes with his disciples toward Jerusalem. Judas, who has been incensed at the scene of the Magdalen anointing the feet of Jesus with the precious ointment, now plots with the high priests, and agrees to betray his Master to them for thirty pieces of silver. The Bible text is closely followed, and the Last Supper is celebrated by the Saviour with His disciples.

### Washes Their Feet

It is on this occasion that He washes their feet, a scene which is enacted with all the aesthetic grace that may be imagined. Each disciple removes his sandals, a few drops of water are poured over the feet by another disciple, the Saviour kneeling and wiping the feet of each in turn. Judas withdraws from the feast and plots with the priests, while we see Jesus with his disciples, and alone, in Gethsemane, when an Angel appears to Him.

He is betrayed. The soldiers at first are almost overcome by an unseen power, but Jesus makes no resistance and is led away, after-

ward to be arraigned before Caiaphas, Herod and Pilate, who is a grand actor and whose part includes the famous washing of his hands of the matter. The Saviour is condemned and crucified, dies on the cross, is buried and rises again in accordance with Biblical accounts, and appears first to the Magdalen, afterward to His disciples, the ascension being the closing scene.

Interpersed between the acts are tableaux of important subjects from the Old Testament, some of them being taken from the Apocryphal, and including such themes as these: "The Sons of Jacob Conspire Against Joseph," "The Departure of Tobias From His Home," "The Lamenting Bride in the Song of Solomon," "Vashti Rejected and Esther Chosen Queen," "The Manna in the Wilderness," "The Grapes Brought by the Spies From Canaan," "Joseph Sold by His Brethren," "Adam and Eve at Work," "Joab Murders Amassa," "Micah the Prophet Receives a Blow on the Cheek for Telling Ahab the Truth," "The Innocent Naboth Is Condemned to Death by False Witnesses," "Samson Is Made Sport of by the Philistines," "Joseph Made Governor Over Egypt," "The Goat Sacrificed as a Sin Offering," "Isaac Bearing the Wood Up Mt. Moriah," "The Brazen Serpent," and the final tableau, "The Ascension."

### Speech Is Delightful

Throughout the play there is preserved a perfect unity, which is emphasized by the tableaux in their bearing upon the develop-

ment of the main theme. What the revisions of the present production may be is not obvious, but one could hardly imagine a more satisfactory diction or presentation.

Even to those who know German only imperfectly, the sense is always entirely obvious, and so deep becomes the interest that one is often unaware he is listening to any other language than his own. This is especially true in the scenes of Jesus, Judas and Pilate, all of whom are enacted by splendid impersonators.

It is pleasant to find that the German language is so musical in its rhythmic and impassioned flow, as spoken by these Oberammergauers. The attendance this year will be larger, it is believed, than ever before in the history of the play, and that in a season when tourist travel is not yet by any means up to what it was before the war. And it is very necessary that the attendance be large, as the price of seats has not been increased, but is actually lower than ever, owing to the deflation of the mark.

These great and simple folk who play the parts have lived their first and that is why they play so very well. Then, too, the play is a part of their daily life. The donkey on which Anton Lang rides in as the Christus entering Jerusalem is a pet of the Lang children and often is seen trotting them about the village. There is everywhere in this place a sense of high intelligence and pious enthusiasm for life.

one turns down to her house without a word of command from the old woman who follows far behind. Through the town runs a cold mountain stream where trout may be discerned and the ducks often take a dip. Little shops are everywhere and the whole place had a highly festive air. The charge of commercialism has been made, but this is readily refuted by the extreme honesty of the people in all their business transactions, by the low prices charged, and by the cordial and sincere welcome which they give to every guest.

### Brought Fair Weather

"You have brought us fair weather," smiled Mrs. Boeld in greeting the Flambeau party, who stayed at her house. "Last week it rained, but the players must perform their parts, no matter what the weather, although they are mostly out of doors during the play."

We learned that the "Thomas" first chosen had not lived to fill his place, so another, Anton Mayr, who served in the war and lost a limb, had been given the part, which he acted with extraordinary grace and charm, the character being a distinctive one. Paula Rendl, the Mary Magdalen of this year, is a girl of rare beauty, who also played with distinction, and is bound to be widely known. The Annas of this time is Sebastian Lang, father of Mrs. Boeld, and his important part was also rendered with marked ability. Andreas Lang, the St. Peter, played also the same role in 1910, and is of exceptional power.

"My business is no secret," replied the actress. "I have just accepted an engagement at Nice and afterwards at Bordeaux, so I am leaving Paris, and my friend Jacques Bijard, whom you know, suggested that you, being a dealer,

might be able to dispose of my furniture. Do you think you could?" "Possibly, madame," he replied. He knew Jacques Bijard, the woman's friend, as an international thief, for the jewelry he had sold to old Lepic had been stolen.

Madame Juvanon was possessed of several shrewd friends; therefore, Landru had long ago realized that she was not a person to victimize.

They were all three chatting when, suddenly, the telephone rang in the adjoining room, and their host rose and answered it. The voice that spoke was that of an alert little woman named Marie Combes, who was divorced, and who lived in the Rue de Bassano, two doors from the Avenue Marceau. She was one of five fiancées whom he had met within the previous six weeks through his recent alluringly-worded matrimonial advertisements. Three weeks ago he had proposed marriage to her, with a view to obtaining the five thousand francs she had in the bank. The perfect lover had, however, made excuse that he must be absent in Paris, and the reason she rang up was to inquire if he had yet returned.

The instant he realized who was speaking, he closed the door, and then in a low voice apologized for not seeing her before, but explained that he had been away in Brussels. He invited her to call at his flat on the following afternoon, and they would take tea together. To this his dupe consented, and then she rang off.

Landru took his famous notebook from his pocket—the book later on produced at his trial—turned to the leaf corresponding with the date, and made a note of the appointment.

Then he returned to where the two ladies were chatting. "I hope you won't mind, my dear friend," exclaimed Madame Juvanon. "Those grapes of yours looked so delicious that I could not refrain from taking some. They are the best I have eaten for a very long time."

Landru looked at his visitor blankly for a second. Then, with a smile, he said:

"My dear madame, they are there for you. Take as many as you like."

He saw by the skins on the plates of both women that each had eaten five or six!

Such was the fellow's criminal mentality that, in secret, he regarded the terrible accident as a huge joke, and, with an air of buoyancy, invited the actress to the salon to talk over her business.

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### Village Chimes Ring

Monday morning presents a very different scene from the joyous beginning of the day before, for it is raining hard as Victor Flambeau and his party make their way to

(To Be Continued Next Sunday.)